

Miscellaneous.

POOR JAMES.

"I am hungry!" "Silence, I tell you!" "Oh! yes, I am hungry, I am hungry!"

"Will you hold your tongue, you naughty imp? Can I find bread in this sand and gravel?"

The poor child trembled in every limb, and answered not a word; for his father had spoken in a rough and ill-boding voice, and from his eyes darted terrific fire.

They walked on some time in silence. The child hung down his head to conceal the tears which run down his emaciated cheeks.

"Some bread, father, a bit of bread!" The wretched father, in a fit of rage and despair, took his child—

Of all griefs, the most piercing and terrible is not to have a little bread to give one's children when they come and say, with tears in their eyes, and their hands extended, 'I AM HUNGRY!'

The father then took his child and threw him into the sea with all the strength he could command, and fled away.

By one of those extraordinary occurrences which the world calls chance—as if a word which means nothing could explain any thing—but which the christian denominates providential dispensation, the wretched child found a board which was floating by his side, and clung to it.

A vessel of war was riding near the coast, from which the child was discovered, sustained by his frail support, struggling with the impetuosity of the waves, and pushed towards the vessel against which it might be lashed to pieces.

There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of that occurred the other day, at slate quarry belonging to a friend from whom I have the narrative.

The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but, as the rock could not always be readily to be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times, answered the same purpose.

This vessel having captured a schooner, took on board several of the wounded, which were confided to the care of surgeon James. Among them was an aged man, whose wounds appeared to be mortal.

The stranger, seeing himself at the point of death, wished to leave him a token of his gratitude, and having requested him to stop a moment near his couch of pain, he addressed to him the following words: "You have shown me so much affection, that I am anxious to give you the only treasure that I possess in the world."

He stopped. A fatal secret evidently weighed upon his heart; but he seemed to be struggling between the need of revealing it and the shame of avowing a crime.

that he was making to the Lord the last sacrifice of his life, which the gospel imposed upon him. Then he related, in a slow and grave voice, all the disorders and wickedness of his past life—among others, how he had thrown into the sea a poor child of four years of age, his son, who asked him for bread.

"My god, is it possible?" exclaimed the young surgeon, whose trouble and anxiety increased as the old man continued his recital. "What do we see each other again in this world. Tell me," continued he, taking the hand of the stranger, "on what part of the English coast did this event take place?"

"Between Norwich and Yarmouth," replied the astonished old man; for he did not understand why this young man was so moved while addressing him this question.

"And how long ago did this happen?" "About twenty-three years."

"And was not that child's name James?" interrupted the surgeon, no longer able to command himself.

"James, yes, that was his name," exclaimed the old man, still more astonished.

"My father—bless your son," said the young surgeon, falling on his knees before the bed of the dying man. "Bless your son. It is God who has brought us together. It is he who has willed to show me the example of your conversion and of your pious hope."

It is easier to imagine than describe the feelings of the old man. For a long time he remained silent, not daring to believe the evidence of his own eyes, fearing he was indulging in a dream from which he must awake with disappointment. By degrees he collected his thoughts, and in his turn questioned the young navy officer as to the details which he might remember.

"This meeting, so unexpected, so miraculous, produced such an impression upon the young man, that he abandoned, shortly after, the service of the navy, to consecrate himself to the preaching of the word of God.

Now it happened that a minister of the gospel, having related in substance, before a religious assembly, the story that has just been read, turned to the president and said, "I am the poor James."

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

There is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of that occurred the other day, at slate quarry belonging to a friend from whom I have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the explosive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on a ridge of the quarry in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock.

The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but, as the rock could not always be readily to be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times, answered the same purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood, but she perceived that she was trifled with, and it interfered with her process of incubation; the consequence was that afterwards, when the bell was rung, she would peep over the ledge to ascertain if the workmen did retreat, and if they did not, she would remain where she was, probably saying to herself, "No, no, gentlemen; I'm not to be roused off my eggs merely for your amusement."

Some birds have a great deal of humor in them, particularly the raven. One that belonged to me was the most mischievous and amusing creature I ever met with. He would get into the flower-garden, go to the beds where the gardener had sowed a great variety of seeds, with sticks put in the ground with labels and then he would amuse himself with pulling up every stick, and laying them in heaps of ten or twelve on the path. This used to irritate the old gardener very much, who would drive him away. The raven knew that he ought not to do it, or he would not have done it. He would soon return to his mischief, and when the gardener again chased him (the old man could not walk very fast) the raven would keep just clear of the rake or hoe in his hand dancing back before him, and singing as plain as a man could, "Tol de rol de rol, tol de rol de rol," with all kinds of mimicking gestures. The bird is alive now, and continues the same meritorious practice whenever he can find an opportunity. If he lives long enough, I fully expect that he will begin to pun.—New Monthly Magazine.

FATAL DUEL.—It is a mournful task to record the untimely death of young men

cut down in the vigor and springtime of life, and we never undergo its discharge with more pain than in the instance of Richard F. Hannon, Esq. of this city, who fell in a duel on Santa Rosa Island, opposite Pensacola, on Saturday evening at 6 o'clock, from the shot of Lieut. Mann, of the U. S. Navy. Efforts were made to produce a reconciliation, but time and other circumstances prevented their mutual friends effecting their laudable purpose. Mr. Hannon was interred in this city, amid the deep regrets of his numerous circle of friends and acquaintances. He was a native of Petersburg, Va. had studied law, and located in this city.—Mobile Chronicle.

STAGE ACCIDENT.—A most distressing stage accident occurred a few days since at the ten mile house, to the east of Lexington, on the Maysville Turnpike. The stage contained nine passengers besides the driver. Every person in and upon the stage, was more or less injured. Judge Johnson, of Louisiana, had his head severely cut, and was otherwise much bruised. Judge Underwood, of Kentucky, and his daughter were both seriously wounded in the head, though not dangerously. Mr. Love of Tennessee, going to West Point, had his collar bone badly broken, and a gentleman by the name of Martin, from New York or Philadelphia, was very seriously injured in the right side. The driver had his ankle dislocated and the extra driver was very badly hurt internally, the blood streaming profusely from his mouth. The rest were less, though considerably injured.

A dreadful accident occurred in Southampton on Friday. Mr. Lyman B. Searl, a worthy young man of about thirty, was drawn by the arm into a bark mill, and so horribly lacerated that he expired the subsequent morning. As we have heard the painful details. Mr. Searl's brother, when approaching the mill, heard groans, and hastening in, found Lyman drawn in up to his body between the cylinders of the mill. Lyman had presence of mind enough to tell his brother to go below and shut the gate, although the mill had stopped from the obstacle the body presented. He shut down the gate and attempted to roll back the wheel, which would have made the cylinders revolve backwards and thus have liberated him.—He was unable to do this, but ran for aid, and finding his father, was successful in releasing Lyman. It was found the arm was broken in a number of places, by the cogs or spikes upon the cylinders, the body shockingly lacerated, the ribs broken in, and the arm mangled and crushed up to the shoulder blade. Surgeons were in attendance, but he survived only till Saturday morning. He is represented as an exemplary and excellent young man, who was doing much to sustain his father's family. How he should have been caught thus, can only be explained upon the same principles that people are so often drawn in between the cogs of cider mills.—Boston Courier.

We find the following statement in a newspaper, and of course suppose it is perfectly true, though upon our word it is impossible to say in what newspaper we found it; nor do we know which one of the Maine Senators is meant by the paragraph. How he got off, or whether he got off at all from his rendezvous engagement is also more than we can tell; but we are not certain but some of the United States Senators would do as good service to the country in a campaign against the Seminoles as in the Senate Chamber.—Quite sure we are, that some of them would be overpaid at the price Uncle Sam pays for his privates in the army. Instead of eight dollars a day, they are dear at eight dollars a month as Senators.

ENLISTMENT OF A VAN BUREN SENATOR.—A good story is told of one of the Van Buren members of the Maine Senate. Arriving in Augusta, he went to the Arsenal, and claimed his seat. He was told he must sign his name first on the books of the establishment. He complied, and found subsequently that he had enlisted in the army for seven years!—N. Y. Gazette.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—A few days since, a party consisting of three or four young men, left this city for the Balize, for the purpose of fishing and fowling.—Among them was a Mr. Besnard Guesnard, an inestimable young man, and the sole support of a widowed mother. It seems that on returning to the boat from one of the small islands, Mr. G., when in the act of placing his gun in the cabin, had the whole contents of it lodged in his throat, causing instant death.—N. O. Advertiser.

FAMINE AT AUX CAYES.—By advices at Baltimore from thence, to July 18th, caused by the severe drought from October to May last. The fields looked as if they had been on fire. In this deplorable condition, a few barrels of flour reached them from Port au Prince, and sold from \$30 to \$32 a barrel. On June 20th, there was not a barrel of flour in the whole city. Two French vessels now arrived brought some succor. Plantains were selling at \$2 and \$3 a bunch, and small potatoes at six cents each.—Star.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.—A young lady passed down Washington street last week, whose beauty was so attractive as to draw the nails out of a board fence near which she passed, and the boards came lumbering about her heels.

An Arabian courser, lately imported from Barbary, was put to his speed yesterday and ran so swift as to overtake the

horizon before it could get out of his way. A foot race took place yesterday between a light-footed gentleman and a running account, which he had for some time had at the grocer's store. He beat the account all hollow, and came out so far ahead as to be woolly out of sight. It is thought he is still running.

A tree was blown down lately by a strong newspaper puff. The roof of the printing office suffered much at the same time.

WALKING ON THE WATER.—A gentleman has brought his apparatus here for the purpose of walking on the water.—We suppose he had not heard that our bridge was made free, and thought his machinery would be an excellent contrivance to save toll. Bridges will soon be poor speculation if the fashion of walking upon the water becomes general.—Boston Eglantine.

MOWING MACHINE.—A New York farmer by the name of Wilson, has invented a machine which mows by horse power. A recent experiment made at Flatbush before a committee of gentlemen, was completely successful. "The machine," says the New York Star, "with one horse and a man can with ease cut five acres per day, and cut close and clean."—Nash. Repub.

RIOT AT SING SING.—We are happy to state on the authority of a respectable merchant of this city, who returned yesterday from the scene of the late disturbances at the Croton Water Works, that nearly all the laborers have returned quietly to their work, a few had left and returned to New York. It appears that the laborers receive 70 cents per day, but that having been idle on some wet days lately, a party formed, who conceived 70 cents insufficient for their support, and demanded \$1 per day; this being peremptorily refused by the overseer, was the cause of the disturbance, some of the men wishing to continue their work, and the opposition party opposing their doing so "vi et armis." One of the overseers, determined on protecting the well-disposed party, incautiously fired a pistol, but fortunately without doing any injury. We doubt not that by to-day all will be quiet, and that the men will have seen the folly of such proceedings. Hundreds in this city could be found eager to fill their places.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—On Monday morning the foreman of our press room incautiously attempted to remove some obstruction in the press whilst it was going at full speed under a pressure of steam and by some means or the other his hand was caught in the machinery and shockingly mangled. The dreadful shriek he gave at the time is still ringing in our ears. He was taken home, and it was found necessary to amputate three of his fingers which were hanging by ligaments. His thumb is also very much torn, but it is hoped will be saved. We mention this occurrence, being the third of the kind which has occurred in this establishment within two or three years, in the hope that it may lead individuals, under similar circumstances, to be more cautious.—N. Y. Courier.

LETTER FROM JIM CROW.

LOND N. June 18, 1837.

Dear —, Here I am, brought up all standing, just returned from rivaling the success of old Kean in Dublin, Cork, and Limerick. Rivaling do I say? Surpassing I mean, for he at best only turned the people's heads, while I have set their whole bodies to jump about and wheel about like a set of teto-tums. By the by, if I play a few more engagements here, I must send an envoy extraordinary to America to procure me a new Jim Crow dress; for my kingly suit is like the man in the house that Jack built, "all tattered and torn," and what is worse, so many Dukes and Countesses "beg a rag of me for memory," that the poor nigger is scarcely decent, and that's the naked truth.

I am to play my farewell engagement now in London, and shall have the theatrical heaven all to myself to blaze away in, for those two luminous planets, Hanniblin and Forrest, who came nearest to my meridian glory, have eclipsed—one to America, the other into the gloomy shores of matrimony. I suppose the former has initiated you into all the professional mysteries going on here. I hope he did not, on account of that bashfulness for which he is so famed, forget to make honorable mention of himself. He was an enormous favorite here, especially among the ladies God bless them! They know when they see a handsome man, and that is what makes them come so often to see me.—Covent Garden drooped after Hamblin left; grew sleepier and more sleepy, and at last shut up altogether. Drury Lane is little better, although it keeps open, but looks like a person moving about in a state of somnambulation. I can have my own terms at any theatre in London; and although there are a great many counterfeits Jim Crows, they none of them *can* to any purpose. Maywood is here hunting engagements as eagerly as a spinster of fifty. I am to go to him after opening at the Bowery. Hurrah for the rare old Bowery! Never shall I feel at home so gloriously as there. I hope to make many a broad grin on many a familiar face when I re-commence my operations there.

The bloods here are to give me a grand public dinner before I leave—no less than a *cojon* of blood royal, Fitzclarence, to take the chair. I know of two toasts that they must drink of my proposing—"America," and the "Bowery Theatre."—William the 4th is gone to the tomb of

all the Capulets, and a lovely young woman is Queen of England. Who would not be her subject? To be presented to kiss her hand would almost reconcile a republican to a monarchy.

Excuse this hasty scrawl. Lord Magnifico Muddlebrain is waiting to take me out in his britzka, and it would not be manners you know to keep the aristocracy waiting. So—Here's a health to Columbia, God bless it! and I am your real genuine Guinea nigger. RICE.

In the Macon News Carrier we notice a call to the young men of that city to form an association "for the benefit and comfort of the sick stranger, and all others that may need the hands of charity or the kind attentions of friends." Such a generous call we sincerely trust met a sympathetic response from the young men of Macon. They could join in no holier concert—in none which can afford them more pure satisfaction—on which they can look back with so much true pride. "May you die among your kindred," is a beautiful saying of the Arabs, but only the stranger can feel its full beauty and force. It is hard to die among one's kindred, where every want is supplied—where the pillow is smoothed by the hand of affection—where loving eyes watch the unquiet slumbers, and kind voices speak words of hope or of preparation for the awful change. But how much keener must be the anguish of death when it comes to one in a strange land, dependent on attentions and services bought with money and reluctantly bestowed.—N. Brunswick Advertiser.

This Society has been formed, and consists of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and about one hundred members—many of whom are our most wealthy citizens. Each member on admission pays the sum of \$2, and a tax of 12 1/2 cents monthly, to carry out the ends of the Society. It has met with "the sympathetic response from the young men of Macon," and no doubt it will be the means of relieving many who are distressed, that would otherwise, probably be neglected.—News Carrier.

A ROYAL KICK.—We have heard an anecdote of the King not mentioned in the Newspapers. During his service off the Coast of Canada, the Prince made an incursion into Upper Canada and crossed over into the State of Vermont. He went into a tailor's shop, and saw his wife, a remarkably pretty woman; the husband being in a back room. The Prince sans ceremony, ravished a kiss from the lady; and said, "There! now tell your country women that the son of the King of England has kissed a Yankee tailor's wife." Unhappily, the tailor himself made his appearance at that moment; and being an athletic fellow, gave the scion of royalty a tremendous kick: "There!" said he, "now go and tell your country women that a yankee tailor has kicked the son of the King of England." According to the story, which is still current and firmly credited in Vermont, the young Prince was glad to get off on these terms.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—At the falls of the Housatonic, in New Milford, Conn. there is on the west bank a natural race-way, cut through and under the rock, and all the accommodations for a mill prepared as if made to order. A mill was, of course, erected; but unfortunately, near two years ago, it took fire and burnt down, except the well proportioned water-wheel, of about fifteen feet diameter, which was saved by hoisting the gate; and from that time to this, the faithful wheel has not stopped, but drives its rounds by day and night as earnestly as if every man in town was waiting for his grist: By the way, these falls are noted for the great quantities of fine lampy-eels which are caught upon the rocks, and which are in high repute with the connoisseurs far and near. This point is also the head of shad navigation. They are taken plentifully, and of very fine quality, below the fall, but not at all above. The Housatonic affords almost innumerable mill seats, very few of which, have as yet been taken up. The Rail Road which is now building, will probably bring some of them into use.—Jour. of Com.

STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.—Twenty-five lives lost!!!—The report, noticed in yesterday's American, of a fatal steamboat disaster on the Upper Mississippi, is unfortunately too well confirmed. A slip from the St. Louis Bulletin, under date of 19th instant, furnishes the following particulars. The disaster is said to have occurred while the boat was under an ordinary head of steam.

St. Louis, Aug. 10. The steamer Dubuque collapsed a flue on her passage to Galena, on Tuesday morning last, at 3 o'clock, about 40 miles below Rock Island. Twenty-seven persons were killed and wounded: fifteen of them were buried at Bloomington and one at Alton; four were brought to the Hospital in this city—they were all deck passengers except four hands of the boat; five or six were blown overboard. This boat took fire shortly afterwards, but the survivors succeeded in putting it out without doing much damage. The Dubuque was towed to this city by the steamer Smelter.

STEAMBOAT DUBUQUE.—Our account of the bursting of the boiler of this boat, with the consequent loss of lives, is confirmed by the arrival of the Smelter this morning, and several passengers that were on the Dubuque. A lady passenger who witnessed the suffering attendant on this